THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

AND

Musical Repository.

FEBRUARY, 1801.

For the Lady's Magazine and Musical Repository.

MUSIC is universally acknowledged to be the most pleasing, the most engaging, and the most captivating of all arts; it is cultivated with equal pains and attention by all ranks of people, captivated by its engaging effects, they each in their separate station strive to make themselves eminent in vocal or instrumental music. So great is their attachment to it that they use it indiscriminately either to express joy, or sorrow, at the social festival of mirth, or at the funereal rites of the dead.

Every art has been improved by application and practice, but none in a greater degree than music: the Ancients who rival us in almost every other art which was known in their time, were greatly inferior to us respecting the perfection which they attained in music; their chief instrument was the Lyre, whose melodious tones induced them to imagine it was of divine origin; their superstition respecting every thing was excessive; thus they fabled Orpheus to have the power of assuaging the anger of Tigers, and of moving the oaks by the sweetness of his music, because he was the first who acquired any celebrity in the

art; after-ages have resounded his name, and a Virgil and an Ovid have transmitted it to the latest posterity.

Those people whose climate enervates them by its excessive heat, and whose fertility of soil renders them indolent, devote themselves most to the charms of music, though they cannot boast of a Handel, a Haydn, or a Pleyel, yet their music if not so scientiffe, is equally pleasing; we only cultivate it as an ornament, they as an article of indispensable necessity, as it is one of the principal sources of their happiness, of which if they were deprived they would sink into a state of universal apathy; their passions few, and those of little force, they require the aid of this art to compensate them for the scarcity of their amusements.

Superstition respecting the powers of music, has been indulged to a greater excess by the inhabitants of the East, than even by the credulous Greeks and Romans: they have ascribed to it the most extraordinary and wonderful powers, as an instance of which, I have selected the following anecdote, from a work entitled, Oriental Collections.

"There is a tradition among the Hindoos, that whoever shall attempt to sing the Raug Dheepuck is to be destroyed by fire. The Emperor Abker ordered Naik Gopaul, a celebrated musician to sing that Raug: he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain; the Emperor insisted on obedience, he therefore requested to go home and bid farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of six months. Before he began to sing, he placed himself in the water of the Jumna, till it reached his neck. As soon as he had performed a strain or two, the river became gradually hot; at length it began to boil, and the agonies of the unhappy musician were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the monarch, but he sued in vain. Abker wished to prove more strongly the power of this Raug. Naik Gopaul renewed the fatal song, flames burst with violence from his body, which though immersed in the waters of the Jumna, was consumed to ashes.

JUVENAL

ON VANITY.

THE vanity of mankind has been deplored by almost every moralist, yet it is one of those subjects which will ever supply the intellect with fresh observation; for if it is not an universal, it is at least a general passion, and although the wisest maxims have been aimed towards its suppression, it still retains too high an interest in the human heart. It is a vice which we imbibe early and eradicate late, and its operations on the mind (like poison acting on a body) swell it to a preternatural distension; hence the towerings of conceit and the arrogance of pride.

There are a thousand ways whereby this preposterous inclination of the heart is heightened, and innumerable arts, by which the sparks of vanity are ventilated into a blaze. Flattery is the most violent of all inflammations, and will the soonest cause a fever of the soul, the imagination is easily fired by unmerited applause, and catches eagerly at those vulgar adulations which result either from interest, partiality, or folly.

Reason would lead us to think, and some writers have supposed, that men are commonly vain in proportion to their ignorance. That silly characters are often conceited ones, is undoubtedly true; but those who possess the most brilliant talents and who have acquired an incontestible superiority over the general mass of mankind, are very often the slaves of this sweet infatuation; the refinements of genius and the delicacy of feeling, together with the sensibility of their hearts, may perhaps contribute to this weakness, yet whatever is the cause, the race of authors (generally speaking) are the most addicted to a failing which it is a part of their character to endeavour to reclaim.

It cannot but be allowed that this impatience of praise, proceeds from an ambition of superiority, and though it is in the strictest sense an evidence of vanity, yet it is of the

most warrantable kind, and less deserves our censure than any other, for we are easily inclined to admit the apologies of him whose weaknesses are not malicious to others, and who errs rather from the natural love of dignity and consequence, than from any motives that can injure society, or disturb the harmony of the world. An emulation to arrive at eminence in the more polished arts of life, is one of the most laudable pursuits of the mind, and it would be unreasonable not to esteem the learned, because their wisdom is sometimes tinctured with human frailties, and with weaknesses, which are inseparable from mortality.

There are numbers who have no plea of palliation for the consummate impudence of pride, who depend upon the boldness of their brows and the effrontery of their eyes for the support of their conceit, such indeed are unfit either for the honors of trust or conversation. When we see the fop pique himself on the cut of a coat, or the glitter of a button, and the beauty on the elegance of a form unanimated by one ray of soul, shall we not look with an eye of pardon on those failures which have their origin in far more excusable causes.

Every man of genius has in some sort a moral claim to our particular veneration; for if we consider the rarity of real ability, and reflect that by the pain and study of the writer, the circle of our moral entertainment is enlarged, our intellects enlightened, and our ideas taught to flow in a more extensive channel; we shall kindly pass over the imbecilities of the man, and willingly pay our plaudit to the scholar.

Yet the favorites of the muses should content themselves with the commendations of those from whom they will ever receive it, from the sensible and refined, from such as have equal capacity and taste, they should consider that of the multitudes that read, very few are able either to relish or to judge, and that though every man may censure, yet every man is not therefore a critic.

It would be a maxim equally amiable and wise to scorn all praise but that which is the natural consequence of

conscious desert, and neither to wish nor aim at any eminence that will not bring along with it an infallible compensation; a very superficial observation will serve to convince us that Vanity, however artfully concealed or openly displayed, always counteracts its own purposes. Virtue confers a bosom greatness that renders unnecessary such secondary and servile assistances. He who is truly sensible, just or ingenious, need not have recourse to arts below himself to signify his equity or his parts, for genius will inevitably incite the admiration of the wise; beauty recommends itself, and a benevolent heart will command our reverence and applause.

D.

THE MAID OF ST. MARINO.

HAPPY in the enjoyment of such advantages as were peculiar to the inhabitants of St. Marino, (a small but long famed republic in the dukedom of Nabino,) Jaques Mingotli and his wife Marian were thankful to their tutelary saint for a retirement so favourable to the possession of domestic peace.—Jaques had quitted Marino at an early age, unknown to his friends, for the purpose of engaging in the holy wars; and after various dangers, had retired to take possession of his long-betrothed Marian, and the little property bequeathed by his father, for whose sake the Council permitted him to re-assume the privileges of a republican.—For several years succeeding their union, the liveliest traits of conjugal unanimity were exhibited in the conduct of this prudent couple, notwithstanding Marian might have demanded the exposition of certain mysteries attending her husband's arrival at Marino; but she carefully suppressed any indulgence of an unwarrantable curiosity, and appeared contented with the motives he was pleased to assign for committing to her the care of a child apparently under the age of seven years, to whose language himself was a stranger; but when acquainted with that of Italy, she used to speak of England—of Salisbury—and

sometimes mentioned the names of Richard and Beangana, King and Queen of Britain. Her own name, she said, was Lucia, to which she used to add the title of Lady.—The plain cloathing, simple diet, and restricted amusements allowed by the republic, were quite unsuitable to our little stranger's ideas.—There was an air of disappointment, mixed with an unconscious regret, in her acceptance of the honest civilities she received; but time, and the unwearied tenderness of Jaques and Marian, soothed, if they did not wholly eradicate, the imperfect sense she seemed to retain of former greatness. It was somewhat remarkable, that among the tokens of magnificence which were conspicuous in the dress she wore when first presented to Marian, was a seal ring, of uncommon magnitude, which depended from a ribbon fastened about her neck. Of this memento Jaques was particularly careful, hoping it might one day forward a discovery of her origin, for he frankly confessed he knew not to whom she belonged; although the circumstance which threw her upon his mercy, gave him reason to think his young charge was of high descent, but of that circumstance he chose not to speak; and Lucia, after seven years abode at Marino, claimed, by her willing obedience, the full and entire affection of her humble foster-parents; while the serenity and cheerfulness, which were characteristics of a state governed by moderate and wise principles, extended their influence even to the bosom of Lucia. About this period of her age, an incident which occurred in the republic awakened our happy family from their beloved tranquility, carried distress to the heart of their adopted child, and wrung the particulars of Lucia's introduction to Jaques from his generous heart; which, when known, did not in the least elucidate the obscurity that veiled her birth:—A decrepid soldier appeared before the first Council, to solicit for his residence on their healthy mountain. His figure was noble, and, although declining, did not bend beneath the weight of years, but from a lameness hereafter to be explained. His eyes sparkled with a lustre which bid defiance to infirmity and incidental occasions. His grizzled locks, retiring from the pale and hollow temple, gave a simple majesty to his expressive countenance, while the modesty of his manner added unusual force to that request the rules of Marino forbade. It caused, notwith-

standing, some disquiet to the community. It was inimical to ancient customs, broke in upon their established rights, and threatened an innovation of those laws so many revolving centuries had seen observed; but distress urged its claims, the feelings of pity were secured, and charity did the rest.—Lestrange, for so the veteran called himself, soon became a welcome visitor to Jaques, and an object of much interest to the gentle Lucia.—He spoke of war, and his countenance was illumined with martial ardor—of peace, and a soft melancholy stole over his features;—but when solicited to talk of himself, or his former situation, a tear, a sigh, even a faint blush passed along his cheek, proving the delicacy of that chord which vibrated so painfully to the touch or remembrance of recollected sorrows.—Lucia, to whose artless questions he paid a marked attention, saw and respected the reluctance he shewed to answer certain interrogatories.

The simplicity of her education (for nothing superfluous was taught in that excellent community) had neither contracted her feelings, or prevented a display of the perfections she inherited from nature; and when spared from those occupations, an indefinable aukwardness made irksome, her chief delight was to ramble along the edges of that vast height which supported the town, accompanied by Lestrange, whose remarks, amusing, instructive, and elegant, opened a new scene to her ductile mind. She attended with wonder and delight to his familiar and beautiful explanation of the brilliant orbs which derived peculiar lustre from the brightness of an Italian atmosphere; and, while tenderly assisting his feeble steps, felt a pride in the idea that she was in some measure of consequence to his ease. Fifteen months had quickly elapsed in these reciprocal offices of kindness, and the loves of Lucia and Lestrange became good-humouredly proverbial; when, on one particularly serene evening, tempted by an unusual flow of strength and spirits, Lestrange ventured with his lovely companion beyond the bounds of Marino. He was deeply engaged in describing the course of the moon, as she gilded the cypresses which formed a grand avenue to the principal church, when suddenly stopping, and looking into the glen below, which was formed by an inferior mountain, he

seemed almost petrified by the appearance of three men, who stood attentively observing him. Lucia turned a fearful look towards her friend, upon hearing him exclaim, 'He was betrayed,' and could scarcely support herself; while he, pointing to the men, told her *they* were deputed to drag him to a shameful and undeserved death. 'Yes,' said the venerable man, 'all is lost, I cannot escape. Ah! horrible. The rack must again be my portion.'—He was proceeding, when Lucia suddenly darted away, and flying to Jaques, told him the circumstance. Endeared by the sanctity of his manners, his former occupation, and the veneration so willingly paid by a reflecting creature to worth, Lestrange found in Jaques a ready friend: he hastened towards the spot pointed out by Lucia, but before he could reach it, met him in the custody of those men from whom he professed to apprehend so much danger, and with painful astonishment beheld them conducting his valued companion to the Council Hall; where, to his utter dismay, he heard the helpless prisoner accused of a horrid murder, committed some years since, attended by circumstances of peculiar cruelty, on suspicion of which he had endured the second degree of torture, and that his *obstinacy* had so far surmounted bodily anguish as to be prepared for the third degree; but owing to a mistake in an evidence, the lenity of his judges had permitted him to escape. 'And on what,' asked the chief magistrate, 'do you ground your present conviction that he *is* the criminal?'—Alonzo, the person who thus asserted his guilt, hesitated, for Lestrange lifted up his penetrating eye, as if eager to know the motive for such a persecution. 'Speak,' he cried, 'was I not acquitted?' Alonzo took courage: 'It is not in this court we can bring forward a case of this nature; it is laid before the King of Naples, who has issued his sovereign grant to the heirs of Vanzenza, for seizing you wherever you might be found.' To an information so decisive, Lestrange now opposed the strictest silence, nor could their utmost efforts to draw from him either defence or confession avail; but when Alonzo argued the necessity of his being again put to the question, which he hinted might then be done, the President arose, and with a composed, yet indignant aspect, stood mute for a moment; then turning to the accusers: 'It appears,' he cried,

'that you are strangers to the laws of this republic, or suppose us to be actuated by the barbarous measures of some other communities. Learn, that we do not arrogate to ourselves the despotic power to inflict punishment before conviction, nor is the penal torture known to *us* but by name; at any rate, your request strikes at our glorious privileges, consequently is an insult.'—Lucia, who had followed her beloved instructor to the hall, now understood the scope of his pursuers' infernal designs.

At the mention of torture, she cast a look of such sympathetic anguish at Lestrange, as reached his heart, and a tear evinced it. "They shall not take him from us," exclaimed the agitated maid—"He is innocent, Signors—He cannot be guilty—Save him, then—O! save him from ——" She would have proceeded, but her generous warmth was checked by the president, who calmly forbade her interference; and then asked the poor captive, for the last time, if he chose to avail himself of an opportunity which could not be prolonged. Lestrange then spoke, while the solemn silence of his friends (and *all* present *were* his friends, excepting those who sought to criminate him) declared the awful impression his situation had made on their hearts. "It only remains (he cried, bowing with dignity to the council) for me to declare, as I do most truly that I am guiltless of a crime, at which humanity shudders, even that of murdering my beloved benefactor; a crime, the supposition of which has already brought upon this emaciated frame a variety of sufferings, and which now threatens further vengeance; though from what quarter, I hardly know. This declamation I owe to your candid forbearance; had my cause been canvassed at St. Marino, instead of Naples, I had not now stood here as a delinquent; but complaints are useless, and I submit to my fate!" The sober firmness of his manner, the majesty of truth which illumined his aspect, and the horrid expectations he encouraged, were circumstances that engaged the most favorable opinion of the Signors; and even, in some degree, imposed a temporary awe upon his guard: but it soon subsided; one of them waved his hand for attention, and approaching the tribunal, addressed the president as follows. "You, who profess

implicit faith in our church, will not, I trust, impugn her decree. Read this, and then dare to be refractory." "I see," cried Signor Ludorico, "the doom of this unhappy man is inevitable. The ruler of whatever government shelters him, is hereby commanded to deliver Roderigo Vanzenza, which name you acknowledge, (speaking to Lestrange, who bowed submission) into the hands of Alonzo Ferrura, and, in default of its immediate compliance, will be subject to the censures of holy mother church." Every one seemed struck with the importance of this mandate, against which there was no appeal; and Vanzenza (no longer Lestrange) was formally delivered up to the strangers. Jaques Mingotli, who dreaded the honest indignation of his distressed Lucia, would have withdrawn with her from the audience, but she burst from him—caught the hand of her dear tutor, and drawing him to her bosom—"You will not go, my friend?—Leave not your poor Lucia—I am your child—The child of your love—Forgive me, my other father, I love you most dearly—but O! who can account for the pleadings of my heart for this dear object—Take him not away—See, they tear him from me!"—They did, indeed, with unpardonable ferocity, strive to separate a couple, at whose singular attachment all Marino had wondered; but in their rude endeavours to effect their painful parting, the ring, which Lucia had worn of late, was torn from the string, and it fell to the ground; when Vanzenza stooping, and eagerly catching it up—"Powers of mercy!" he cried, "from whence came this, Lucia?—Who—who gave you a token so precious?" "I know not," answered the trembling girl, while he once more folded his arms about her; but, as if the bodily pangs to which he was condemned were to be preceded by mental ones the most acute, he was no longer permitted to stop, although he entreated, even upon his knees, for one half hour; and, amidst the execrations of the audience that dared not to interfere, the screams of Lucia, and his own heart-rending petitions for time—The wretched Vanzenza was torn from his friends, and soon found himself without the environs of Marino.—Alonzo no sooner saw he was beyond the power of a Republic so venerated for its integrity and so beloved for its mercy, than he readily accounted to Vanzenza for this second attack on his liberty.

But prior to this account, it will be necessary to bring forward those events which had thrown this unhappy gentleman into the power of Alonzo; and this will be most effectually done by reciting the substance of a memoir, finished while he was at Marino, and which was found by Lucia in the chamber where he usually lodged, who wept over the affecting particulars, while her heart throbbed with an unusual sensation as she traced the feelings of a soul overwhelmed with agony.

From the contents of this memoir it appeared, that Roderigo, a younger son of the house of Vanzenza, had attended Beangana, the affianced bride of Richard the First, in the capacity of usher to that noble lady; but that in consequence of a report that Count Francis his brother was murdered, at his paternal seat, he immediately returned to Naples, at some little distance from whence the Castle was situated. Here the report was confirmed; but in a manner that chilled his blood. Fatigued and harrassed both in body and mind, he could scarcely articulate his request to Tancred, an ancient and favoured domestic, for permission to see his widowed sister Juliana. Affected by his distress, the good creature, instead of complying *with* the request, urged him to take some refreshment. Roderigo looked up with an air of surprise—" You evade my question, Tancred. I would see the countess. My brother is murdered; from *her* I would learn the particulars. Distressed as she undoubtedly is, Juliana will nevertheless receive with redoubled tenderness a participating friend and brother." Tancred shook his venerable head—" Alas! no, my Lord —The Countess has never been visible to strangers since her husband's death. Even the Signor Taverini was scarcely admitted. Her grief exceeds all due bounds—and then—and then—pardon me, Signor—but the report—" " What report?—but begone, old man, nor tempt my rage.—*Strangers*—said you?—Is the lamenting brother of Count Francis classed, with *strangers?*—Yet stop.—Where is this Taverini, who is admitted to privileges unallowed to Roderigo Vanzenza?"—Tancred hesitated, and was about to speak; when, at the appearance of a Cavalier, muffled up in a black cloak, he bowed, and was retiring. But Vanzenza, seizing his shoulder—" Speak," he deman-

ded, "who is this Taverini?" *I*," cried the Cavalier, letting fall the cloak which had covered the lower part of his face —"*I* am Signor Taverini," exchanging the most indignant looks with Roderigo—with one who seemed ready to defy him to the teeth. "And *I*," answered the agitated Count, "am Count Vanzenza, brother to the late unhappy Francis." Taverini stepped back.—"You are come," he rejoined, "in an unlucky moment--the Countess's grief--" "Cannot exceed mine, Signor. Tancred, shew me to her apartment. Tancred moved reluctantly, but commanded by *him*, who was now his Lord, he dared not dispute. And stopping at a room, which opened upon a corrider that faced the noble garden, he gladly retired. This room was hung with all the insignia of the most pompous mourning; and at the farther end, in a small oratory, he beheld the Countess in a robe of black. Her face was turned from the door; but hearing him enter—"I thought you long," she said. "These are melancholy moments to pass alone!" The softness of her accents alarmed Roderigo, who had often remarked her haughty tone, even when addressing her late Lord; but distress, thought he, can quell the highest spirit. He was now advancing, when a violent shriek from Juliana arrested his step—"Save me," cried the amazed Lady—"He comes again to dip his hands in blood!" Appalled at this terrible exclamation, Vanzenza turned to Taverini, (who entered in haste) for a solution of such an extraordinary address.—"She is frantic, my Lord. Her words are not to be regarded. Some terrible reports have obtained since her Lord's death."—"Reports, again!" interrupted the astonished nobleman.—"To what do they belong?—of what nature?" "I can only say," returned Taverini, "that the chambers facing the sea have exhibited some horrible appearances, which indeed could not be concealed from Lady Juliana; and she is now convinced, that our late honoured friend, whom you have been told was found dead in one of those rooms, owes his death to—" "O," cried the Countess, "to a monster, who dares insult me by his presence!" Roderigo's countenance darkened with suspicion; he frowned awfully upon Taverini.—The words he had just witnessed were of import; however, this was no time for investigation, and he approached his sister with a view of offering that consolation her sad situation demanded. She grew calmer, but

chose not to enter into any conversation; and this reluctance he attributed to the presence of Taverini. Finding her gloomy reserve increase rather than diminish, he quitted her presence, under the idea that his brother had received some foul play, and fully determined to watch the motions of him who he now violently suspected to be the author of the present calamity.

As Count Vanzenza was now the ostensible Lord of his brother's household, he naturally expected the homage due to his claims; but, in the countenance of every domestic he fancied a reluctance to attend him: a dislike, approaching to horror, seemed to supersede the concern they might be supposed to feel for their late loss. One only of the numerous train paid the respect his state exacted, and this man was Tancred. The count observing his readiness to oblige, commanded his attendance at supper. Tancred appeared pleased at the distinction: and during his Lordship's repast, related the following circumstance of Count Francis' demise, with its consequences.

It was usual, he said, for Taverini, who was a relation of Lady Juliana's, to set at table with her long after her husband had retired for the night; and this the old man feared, was a cause of much contention between the noble couple: particularly, on the night of his death, the Count had gone to his chamber in open displeasure, and he believed slept alone. That about four in the morning a cry of murder, sounded through the Castle. Terrified at the unusual disturbance, he ran up the great stairs, and met Lady Juliana in her night dress, her hair dishevelled, her hands clasped, and, exhibiting every mark of distraction, exclaiming—"My love, my life, my murdered Francis!" That, without stopping, he ran forwards: and discovering his Lord lying on a bed, with every appearance of being strangled. His casement was open, part of a knapkin lying on the window: on the ground Tancred saw a lock of black hair, a piece of a shirt, and an old hat. It was plain the assassins escaped by means of the window: and that the poor victim had struggled hard for his life.

He then went on to mention the extraordinary, but ineffectual means taken to discover the murderers; and how

very active *Taverini* had been on that head. Vanzenza shuddered.—" But now, my Lord," concluded the garrulous orator, " comes the worst of the story. Ever since the night he was buried, those chambers" [pointing to two, opposite Roderigo's apartment] " are troubled—there my dear master appears nightly;—and—but that—." " *But* what, Tancred?"——" why, that is all, and please your—." " Something yet remains to be explained, Tancred; your hints and those of Juliana, mean a dreadful mystery. Speak then, on your duty I charge you speak." " I cannot, so please you—I dare not," cried the ancient creature, dropping on his knees—" Oh, it is a secret, so awful!—but watch with me, my Lord, this night, and you—." " Slave!" exclaimed the enraged Count, while he half-drew his sword, " am I to be trifled with?" " O, no, your Lordship—forgive me; it is not my own invention; but when the apparition—See, My Lord, that door—I think it moves—It opens!"—

Tancred was not deceived; the door did open—a shriek was heard—and the words " Vengeance, vengeance on my murderer!" followed. Vanzenza was petrified, and could scarcely raise the terror-struck Tancred, who, grasping the Count's knees, begged him to leave the Castle, for his life was not safe. " How! my life!" " O, my Lord, all the servants think.—" " Think what?" " That *you* are your brother's murderer."

" Powers of goodness, what means this madman?" His apostrophe now met with a fearful interruption from the chamber of death, for he plainly distinguished this sentence—" *Roderigo is a fratracide!*" The voice that uttered an accusation so shocking, sounded hollow, yet piercing, and Tancred tremblingly asserted, that every one beneath that roof had heard those very words repeatedly. He was going on, when the approach of several people seemed to relieve Vanzenza's benumbed faculties, who, stepping forward, perceived several domestics, well armed, and headed by two officers of the police armed also; and before the Count could demand their business, at an hour so unusual, he was surrounded by them, seized, and strongly secured. In vain did he attempt to learn the cause of this violence; in

vain struggled to disengage himself; the combination was too powerful for effectual resistance, and he was dragged to the great entrance of the Castle, where several horses were in waiting, on one of which he was mounted, and conveyed to Naples, where, to his utter astonishment, he was accused (such was the superstition of those times) as accessary to his brother's death; and this, solely on the strength of that mysterious information which had been frequently repeated, and which himself had witnessed on the preceding night.

His defence, which was manly, spirited, and pathetic, procured him neither credence, nor mercy. The evidence of a supposed apparition destroyed every effect of simple truth; and, although it amounted not to full conviction, was sufficient to justify his persecutors in their application of the torture. Vanzenza bore this barbarous proof of concealed villainy with wonderful constancy; and, after two years' imprisonment, he was permitted to depart from Naples, and, although acquitted, with a strict prohibition never to appear within the Neapolitan jurisdiction; consequently he was precluded the possibility of attempting any investigation of his late dreadful prosecution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SHAM GHOST.

MONSIEUR Capricorne, a native of Montpellier, had confined his whole life to the study of astrology; an art which being little calculated to lead to wealth, this great foreteller of other people's fortune possessed but a very trifling one himself. All his riches were comprised in a cottage, at Vitra, and five hundred livres per annum, with which he supported himself, a daughter (a lovely girl about one-and-twenty,) and Gertrude, an old female domestic.

He had, with great exactness, drawn the figure of his child, cast her nativity, formed a diagram of the astrological

houses, contemplated narrowly the configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in so many ways, that, having brought them to mathematical precision, he announced publickly that she was born to possess great riches. Presuming on this, he had refused the offers of numberless lovers, whose figures did not promise what he expected. At length, one who had fallen in love with Miss Adeline, was so fortunate as to chuse, by chance (for he did not by his own wisdom,) an hour that every way tallied with the astrologer's imagination.

Mr. Buffonet (his name) was as madly attached to Helicon as Mr. Capricorn was to the Zodiac. In a word, he was a poet, and a greater fool, by several grains, than the astrologer; but, to compensate for this, he was richer by many pounds. Having the father's consent, he commenced his attack, the following day, with two madrigals, an acrostic, six stanzas, a poetical epistle, twelve epigrams, and a *legitimate* sonnet,—the forerunners of a solemn declaration of his love.

Adeline was very far from approving of our bard. She had previously fixed her affections on a neighbouring youth called La Grange, and often, by the connivance of Gertrude, privately enjoyed his company.

Old Capricorne, however, infatuated with the poet's horoscope, insisted seriously on her resolving to marry him. —This fiat was no sooner known, than a counsel of the three opponents was called; and, after much debate, Gertrude fixed on this stratagem:——Adeline was to feign the fool, La Grange to raise a report of his death, and the rest was to be left to her.

Having made this determination, the next day La Grange fell ill, and begged to see the astrologer. He visited him; and the other, affecting an implicit faith in his art, requested him to exercise it without flattery. Mr. Capricorne drew a variety of figures, and presently, with a gloomy countenance pronounced him a dead man in six hours.

La Grange followed his prophecy with the greatest fidelity, and at the exact hour predicted gave up the ghost. A

friend at whose house he was concealed, filled a coffin with rubbish, and had it regularly buried. Old Capricorne, exulting in his science, attended the funeral.

Adeline, the instant she heard of the death of La Grange, began to perform her part. A number of diagrams, figures, &c. which had cost her father many hours of lost time, she tore to pieces in his presence, and this perfectly convinced him of her derangement. When the poet paid her a visit, she smartly exercised a cane on his back, which led him to make a similar conclusion, and to decline the honour of an alliance with the Capricorne family. The astrologer, however had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he should refuse his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madness as an excuse, and demanded time to endeavour to get her cured; protesting that he would rather lose his whole fortune, than take her in her present state, with the disposition she had manifested towards him.

Next day, Mr. Buffonet brought a physician to see Miss Adeline. The patient was at the moment lolling in an arm-chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulsion, and holding a thick stick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulse, and, after a great deal of technical nonsense, affirmed that he had no hesitation to say, that the patient was *non compos mentis*; in English——mad.

"Mad!——I mad!" cried Adeline, starting up, and laying about her to the right and left, on the shoulders of the physician and poet, with so much alertness, that each had received a dozen smart strokes before the father perceived what she was about; and when he offered to interpose, Gertrude prevented him, fearing, as she said, that he should be beaten by his daughter.

The catastrophe of this scene made the poet resolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would as soon marry Tisiphone, as such a woman. Saying this, he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her scheme; she therefore took an oppor-

tunity of talking to Mr. Capricorne; and after telling him that he had in some measure by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cause of his daughter's derangement, she said——

"But the evil does not end here; for, to fill up the measure of our misfortunes, for the last five days La Grange's ghost has every night appeared in Miss Adeline's bed-chamber; and——Oh! if you could see how, in the transports of her madness, she embraces and hugs his poor Ghost, you could not but regret your not having consented to their union."

——"Eh!—What!" cried old Capricorne, staring:—— "His ghost appear to my daughter! Well, then, I must see it.———Oh, I have a thousand questions to ask it about the stars!"

"Well—well," said Gertrude, "so you shall. And, that it may not do you a mischief on account of its death, I will read a prayer, I have, against spirits; and then you'll have nothing to fear."

Every thing being thus arranged, Adeline went to bed at her usual hour, leaving her candle burning on the table.—— The ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped up in a sheet; and the astrologer, with old Gertrude, stood sentry in the closet.

In a few minutes the ghost with a violent rumbling, issued from his hiding-place, and, opened the bed curtains, in a hollow tone called three times——"Adeline!—Adeline!—Adeline!"

I shall not attempt to describe the terror and palpitation of old Capricorne. He could barely utter——"Say—say the prayer!—say it, dear Gertrude!—say it—quick!

Gertrude mumbled over some words, when Adeline jumped out of bed, and threw her arms around La Grange's neck; said innumerable tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed. But the ghost assumed a graver air, and ejaculated, with a voice that seemed to come from the sepulchre——

"Oh!!—touch me not! Thy father has been my death; but he shall be punished, unless he consent to my marrying thee, by which means my soul will have permission to reanimate my body. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he has done me, terminate the torments I am obliged to inflict on thee, and prevent those I have in store for him."

Old Capricorne's curiosity about the stars was at an end. —A fountain of perspiration poured from his quivering limbs. Pressing close to Gertrude, he muttered—"What shall I do!—what shall I do! Say over your prayer—quick!—quick!—or it's all over with me! *Why* don't you speak?—What shall I do?"

"A pretty question!" she replied. "Step out, to be sure, and tell him that you consent to the marriage: that's all he wants."

"Consent!—ay, that I will, with all my soul!" said he: "but, as to stepping out, I had rather not. You go—— Go, and say what you please."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr. Capricorne himself. She now drew the astrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himself on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired.

"I will not take thy word," said he. "Gertrude,—here, in my bosom thou wilt find a paper; draw it forth, and let him sign it. I employed one of the greatest lawyers (now in hell) that ever breathed, to make it fast and binding. Sign!"

The contract being signed, La Grange said——"A part of what is to be done, is done; but I shall not revive until thou hast unburthened me of this winding sheet, and my corse, even with thine own hands, laid in thy daughter's bed; and when I shall resuscitate, we will perform the rest of the ceremony."

Capricorne and Gertrude directly set about undressing this living corse, and quickly placed it in the bed by the side of its dear Adeline. La Grange was no sooner there than, heaving a deep sigh, he exclaimed——

"Ah!—Heaven be praised, I revive! Adieu! Good night, Mr. Capricorne!"

Account of the Marquis D'Embleville.

BEFORE the hand of Republican Power had levelled all distinctions in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighbourhood of Versailles, the Marquis D'Embleville owned a sumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendour. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient *regime*; and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the same scale of being.

His only son Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland: he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where Nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity.

So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impression of that tender passion, beneath whose controuling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of Nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the state of primeval innocence: honesty was the only wealth her friends possessed;—her charms and virtues were her only portion.

With this lovely maid Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them greatly preponderate.

She felt the congenial passion; but, from disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals! Although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading intimation, should the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams?—No!—He spurned him from his feet; and, with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and see his face no more!

He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point—he knew that the moment of expostulation was for ever past! He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty—he, therefore, felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could, by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his desires.

He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations!

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death still frowned tremendous over its innumerable victims.

Not with less terror than the trembling traveller, when he sees the accumulating Avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices—in its progress tearing up towering pines, and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages—the Marquis D'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation!

His lady died of a broken heart, to observe the splendour of her family eclipsed; and, rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barriers of nations—whose heads crowned with snows, old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their base—amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile.

In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reuss, and at length arrived at a charmingly romantic valley, in the neighbourhood of Lugano.

The evening sun shot his yellow rays over olive, orange, and citron groves, which clothed the sides of the far-stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labours of the day; and here and there appeared, in distant groups, winding down the avenues of the vineclad hills.

At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate but display the fine symmetry of their features.

They made a low and graceful curtsey, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out, and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, where she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choicest fruits the children could procure.

He took the infants on his knee, and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments; and from them he learnt that their papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual.

Their pleasures, their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of conversation; and the Marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense than he had frequently found in the most polished circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal-minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most sacred attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties; and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement, and domestic life.

The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the "tiptoe of expectation," for the arrival of their father, now recognized his footstep as he approached the door; and, running out to welcome him, hung around his knees, and danced with excess of rapture, while he distributed between them some flowers, and other natural curiosities, indigenious to the soil, which he had picked up in his way.

A sudden pleasure seemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to her guest. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the summit of the neighbouring mountain, the eternal rock, which then cast a length of shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted in the faces of both, than at this unexpected rencounter.

A momentary silence prevailed—conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so much injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a disobliged parent.

The roses fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knee deprecated the forgiveness of that father, of whose displeasure she had formerly heard with so much emotion; and who, she now fully expected, was come to destroy her happiness for ever!

He perceived their agitation; adversity had softened his heart, and all the father returned! For awhile he could not speak; but took their hands, and, joining them together, lifted his eyes to Heaven, as in the act of imploring blessings on them both. He then snatched the wondering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumults this interview had occasioned subsiding, a calmer but more solemn scene ensued.—The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and, while they listened to the "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity.

The Marquis, having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the Power which so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat, and those domestic comforts, amidst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.

W. H.

From the miscellaneous Works of Kotzebue.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES SMITH.

ANECDOTES.

ALMANSUR, a rich Arabian of renown, ate, drank, played, and passed his time in voluptuousness. One day, when tormented by the effects of idleness and luxury, he conceived the strange idea to visit the vaults, where the remains of his ancestors were deposited. He descended, and walked among the mouldering bones, not with the serious thought that he also one day would have to mix his dust with theirs, but with the idea of a voluptuary: "That the coolness of the place was refreshing, and conducive to digestion."

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a half-defaced inscription. "In this grave," it said, "there is hidden a greater treasure than *Croesus* ever possessed." *Almansur*, whose property had already been greatly diminished, immediately ordered the grave to be opened, and found—a hand-full of dust, and underneath it a small piece of marble, upon which the following words were engraved:—"Before thou, deluded mortal! hadst profaned this grave by audacious means, here reigned uninterrupted peace, a treasure, which Croesus never possessed.

A Persian King once took it into his head to travel through his dominions incognito. On a sultry summer's day, he found a young shepherd sitting in the shade of a tree, playing upon his flute. The monarch of Ispahan was pleased with his appearance. He entered into a conversation with him, and found in him so much plain sense, such a true judgment, though uncultivated, that he resolved to take the young shepherd with him to his court and to try what, by education, might be made of him.

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Abdallah (the name of the youth) followed him with reluctance; he fulfilled all the expectations of the Prince, was beloved by him, and of course despised by the whole court; but often the wish to return to his peaceful home, entered his breast, and then he blessed with sighs his shepherd's dress, which he had changed for the purple caftan and the glittering turban.

The King exalted his favorite from one post of honor to another, and at last made him keeper of the Imperial jewels and treasures. Envy and calumny, in vain endeavoured to find their way to the throne. Abdallah, the just, smiled upon their views; his Monarch was too well acquainted with the worth of Abdallah's heart. But at last the well disposed Prince died and left a son, twenty years old, whose ears were open to flattery, and of course, whose heart was open to detraction. Envy soon raised its poisonous head, whispering loud enough: "Abdallah has enriched himself at "the expence of the crown! he has made the treasures of "your father his own; he has mutilated the Imperial jewels: "he has even in his house a secret vault, secured by three "strong locks, where he often passes alone whole hours, "to count and recount the stolen treasures."

The credulous young monarch confided in the words of his courtiers. One morning he surprised Abdallah, who was unaware of such a visit. "Give me the key to thy secret Vault, at the end of yonder gallery!" he said to him in an haughty tone, "where thou so often passest "hours, and whither none of thy friend's footsteps ever "could force themselves."

Abdallah penetrated this texture of malice, smiling, he cast a look of disdain upon his accusers, and delivered the key to the prince. The Vault was opened—they found in it a *Shepherd's stick*, *a Shepherd's knapsack*, and a *flute*.—"Behold monarch! the emblems of my once happy state. "I secured them here, and visit them often, to remind "myself of the peaceful rural pleasures I once enjoyed in "the circle of my relations. Take back, take all back "what your father's bounty bestowed on me, but let me "keep my Shepherd's stick.

The young Prince, moved, throws a glance of displeasure upon his courtiers, embraces Abdallah, and offers him the first station in his Empire. But Abdallah disdained the Purple Caftan, took his Shepherd's stick and flute, and fled to his peaceful hut.

History a proper object of Female Pursuit.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF HUME.)

THERE is nothing I would recommend more earnestly to my female readers than the study of history, as an occupation, of all others, the best suited both to their sex and education; much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement, and more entertaining than those serious compositions which are usually to be found in their closets.

Among other important truths, which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose. *That* our sex, as well as their's are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine; and, *That* love is not the only passion that governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition, vanity, and a thousand other passions. Whether they be the false representations of mankind in those two particulars, that endears romances and novels so much to the fair sex, I know not; but must confess, I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matter of fact, and such an appetite for falshood. I remember, I was once desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement in the country; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her. I therefore sent her *Plutarch's* Lives, assuring her at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, till she came to the lives of

Alexander and *Cæsar*, whose names she had heard by accident; and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

I may indeed be told, that the fair sex have no such aversion to history as I have represented, provided it be *secret* history, and contain some memorable transaction proper to excite their curiosity. But as I do not find that truth, which is the basis of history, is at all regarded in those anecdotes, I cannot admit of this as a proof of their passion for that study. However this may be, I see not why the same curiosity might not receive a more proper direction, and leave them to desire accounts of those who lived in past ages, as well as of their cotemporaries. What is it to *Cleora*, whether *Fulvia* entertains a secret commerce of love with *Philander* or not? Has she not equal reason to be pleased, when she is informed (what is whispered about among historians) that Cato's sister had an intrigue with Cæsar, and palmed her son, *Marcus Brutus*, upon her husband for his own, though, in reality, he was her gallant's? And are not the loves of *Messalina* or *Julia*, as proper subjects of discourse as any intrigue that this city has produced of late years?

But I know not whence it comes, that I have been thus seduced into a kind of raillery against the ladies; unless, perhaps it proceeds from the same cause that makes the person who is the favorite of the company be often the object of their good-natured jests and pleasantries. We are pleased to address ourselves after any manner to a person that is agreeable to us; and, at the same time presume, that nothing will be taken amiss by one who is secure of the good opinion and affection of every one present. I shall now proceed to handle my subject more seriously, and shall point out many advantages that flow from the study of history; and shew how well suited it is to every one, but particularly to those who are debarred the severer studies, by the tenderness of their complexion, and the weakness of their education. The advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds, as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences: to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation, refining by degrees, and every thing that is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection: to remark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires: the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin. In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us; appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which, during their life time, so much perplexed the judgments of the beholders. What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusements, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures?

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and, indeed, a great part of what we commonly call *erudition*, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, along with the histories of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurnished, it is impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge even of what passes in our own

time, we must be sensible, that we should be for ever children in understanding, was it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our own observation. A man acquainted with history, may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

There is also an advantage in that knowledge which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world,—that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least, the most delicate sentiments of virtue. And, to tell the truth, I know not any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colours; but as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers are apt to bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative reader, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular persons. *Machiavel* himself discovers a true sentiment of virtue in his history of *Florence*. When he talks as a *politician*, in his general reasonings, he considers poisoning, assassination, and perjury, as lawful acts of power; but when he speaks as an *historian*, in his particular narrations, he shews so keen an indignation against vice, and so warm an approbation of virtue, in so many passages, that I could not forbear applying to him that remark of *Horace*,—That if you chace away nature, though with ever so great indignity, she will always return upon you. Nor is this combination of historians, in favour of virtue, at all difficult to be accounted for. When a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt to consider the characters of men as they have relation to his interest, than as they stand in themselves: and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a

philosopher contemplates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects leaves the mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, and he scarce feels the difference betwixt vice and virtue. History keeps in a just medium betwixt these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise; and at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to prevent their judgment.

D. HUME.

On a Taste for Real Pleasures.

PLEASURE is a common object, every one is engaged in the pursuit of it, and yet it is but seldom overtaken. This must undoubtedly be owing to our mistaking the right road to it, for nature does nothing in vain, and when she implanted that general desire in the breast of man, she could not withhold from him the means of gratifying it.

The disorders of imagination, the illusions of self love, and a false delicacy of sense, are the sources from which we expect to derive happiness; and we are astonished when we find nothing but fatigue, disgust, and satiety. What is it that we seek in balls, in spectacles, and assemblies? This is the sentiment which we hope to find there, but for which we hope in vain. All the pleasures which cities afford are without taste or flavour. The open air is as necessary for the dilation of the heart, as for the expansion of flowers, and the heavens are the natural canopy of man. What would Ambition——what would avarice demand? Amass round you the treasures of both the Indies; place at your feet all the crowns of the earth; unite in your own person every thing that the most servile adulation can bestow; indulge in every thing which the most venal voluptuousness can purchase and imagine,—and you will see a

Tiberias at Caprea, tormented with the void within his heart, and wanting a sentiment in the midst of the whole world!

Nature has placed within ourselves the source of our happiness. The first sentiment which calls the soul out of itself—that makes it feel, with bounding joy, the beating of the heart—that whispers to the heart, that it is not made for itself alone,——is, Filial Piety! What tender cares solicit it!—Desire, expectation, &c. usher man into life, under the protection of paternal tenderness. The cares of his infancy, the education of his youth, his establishment in society;—these are the kind services which he receives from the father;——what fond indulgence for his faults!—what active solicitude in all his cares! The father's eye foresees every thing, provides every thing; and, plunging into distant futurity, where he has nothing to hope for himself, he there secures before-hand a continuation of happiness for him who is to be his representative, when himself shall be no more.

Happy infancy!——tender and innocent age!——Who would not regret your delicious enjoyments, free from care!—Without anxiety, without passions, you know life only by two lively sentiments, intended for the felicity of the mind—*Hope* and *Love!* Ah! were ye but conscious of your happy state—could ye but guard yourselves against the illusions which are just beginning to lead your imagination astray—you would be the image of Man in his Purity!—you would live tranquil under the protection of paternal providence and care, as we live under the ever-open eye of Supreme Goodness and Wisdom!

What pathetic scenes—what tender, what animated sentiment—does not domestic life produce!——a mother, fond to weakness!—brothers, sisters, relatives, friends! What a variety of connections!—how many little internal occurrences!—how many different situations, which are nothing in the eyes of the world, but are every thing to a heart of sensibility! Is there a spot in our paternal habitation in which the steps of a Provident Goodness are not imprinted and consecrated, as formerly in the land of Canaan,

by some monument of a tender and religious sentiment? Here I have received a proof of tenderness!—there, a mark of indulgence!—Here I imbibed pious lessons and maxims, which shall ever be for me the tables of the law! I will transmit them as they were transmitted to me, and with the authority of an example more.

Mature age would be that of the plenitude of happiness intended for man, did he remain obedient to the inspirations of Nature. His knowledge is acquired, his experience is formed, the intellectual and corporeal being is in its full perfection. Become the father of a family and a proprietor,—what a delicious source of sentiments is opened in his heart!—what a vast sphere for his thoughts to reign in!

To isolated man, life is monstrous; and without interest, his days succeed to each other without variety: society produces nothing but uniform scenes, and even the passions range in a confined circle. But for a father, the education of his children; their progress in learning; the unfolding of their minds; the prognostics whence to form an opinion of their dispositions; his hopes; his fears; the plans which connect the future to the present, and give to man the enjoyment of the time when he shall be no more:——such are the pleasures which Nature proposes to a wise and enlightened parent, who feels the dignity of his state, and the obligations which he has contracted, by accepting the august privilege of perpetuating his species!

ON CHARACTERS.

MEN live together in society; employ each other reciprocally in their various occupations; love, hate, and judge one another, without penetrating to the inmost recesses of the heart.

To judge fairly of man, it is not sufficient to know him by this or that particular quality; by such or such talent, which we may chance to observe in the course of our con-

nexion with him. A mild man may sometimes abandon himself to an emotion of anger; a violent man may, in certain circumstances, assume patience and moderation; a miser may, in the course of his life, furnish a trait of beneficence and generosity; a stern man may sometimes relax into tenderness, and one of a vindictive temper be at times gentle and forgiving:—a man covered with blood, has been known to faint at the sight of a fly killed by a spider; and some of the finest women, and of the most excessive delicacy, have been at the execution of a criminal: a stupid man may say a witty thing, and a man of wit may fall into a stupid blunder; a fool has been observed to do an act of wisdom, and a wise man to do an act of folly.

So many judgments would not be hazarded, so many characters would not be falsely bestowed, were it not for examining objects only on one side; which, in order to be fairly estimated, ought to be scrupulously examined on every side.—But we do in society, in this particular, as superficial travellers are wont to do in foreign countries. They judge of the manners and habits of a nation from a few individuals who fall in their way. We often judge of a man from some trait which may be foreign to his nature, and at variance with all the others which constitute his disposition.

To judge men with justice, they must be followed with the greatest attention. A man may have five or six characters, and yet none of them be the real one. A diversity of opinions on the same subject, proves, not only that it may have been seen in different points of view, but also the different lights in which it may have shewn itself. Men, like women, have all a certain character, however great the multitude of elements of which it is composed. It can only be known when, laying passion and prejudice aside, proper pains are taken to discover it. But the more capable a man is of seizing the point of union which connects a vice with a virtue, so much the more sagacity is necessary to discriminate the one from the other.

We hear Mondor boast of his generosity. Thersites of his prudence, Laboulay of his economy. The young Mir-

ville assures us Nature has fitted her for the mysteries of politics; and the beauteous Adella for those of love. But Adella is nothing but a coquette, and Mirville a woman of intrigue.—Laboulay is a wretched miser, Thersites a dull fellow, and Mondor a prodigal.

A great many people have only the character that is given to them, or that which they are allowed to take. A man who may be reckoned an accomplished gentleman at one table, may be an impertinent fellow at another.

BROMLEY MELMOT.

IN the middle of the most dreary moor to be found throughout the whole county of Cornwall, and beneath a clump of venerable firs, stood the shattered remains of a cottage, which had for twenty years afforded shelter for the humble family of Paul Butley. In the useful and laborious occupation of a wood-cutter, he contrived to support a wife and three children in a state of comfortable decency; luxury or elegance being words with which they were wholly unacquainted.—Bridget was, indeed, a good-natured, notable woman, who loved to have every thing cleanly and comfortable about her; and more healthy, tidy looking little ones were not to be found, for thirty miles round, than her own.

One cold, stormy night, at the close of autumn, Paul being rather later absent than usual, Bridget began to be filled with uneasy apprehensions concerning his safety, and in order to make his home as cheerful as possible for him against his return, prepared a jug of hot elder wine, of her own manufacturing, knowing it to be a beverage of which he was exceedingly fond. As it began to get dark her terrors increased; and after looking out every way herself, she sent her eldest son, Tommy (a fine chubby-faced boy) into the wood, desiring him to holloa, and know if his father was coming.—The boy came running back in a few minutes, and, putting a young child into her hand, said—

L. of C.

"My daddy told me to run on with this baby; he is bringing a woman along as fast as he can."

He had scarce finished speaking before Paul came in sight, bearing in his arms a female, to all appearance dead.

"My good dame," said he, entering, "stir yourself, and get some medicine for this poor soul. I found her lying in this state amongst the snow, and I fear she is frozen to death. I have had the utmost difficulty in bringing her along. But, is the infant safe?"

Bridget assured him it was, and consigned it to his care, while she chafed the hands and temples of the stranger with spirits, and administered a little of the wine that was so fortunately ready, both to the woman and infant; the latter of whom was in a fair way of doing well; but the former they found, to their infinite concern, was too far gone for recovery, and, although she did not expire immediately, lived not to utter any articulate sound. The distrest cottagers gazed on each other with dismay, while pity suppressed every selfish concern.

"Merciful Goodness!" cried Bridget, "what is now to be done? We are in a pretty situation with a poor child here, and no one to take care of it!"

"I hope, Bridget," replied Paul, "you will not refuse to do that, should we find none else more willing. But let us search the pockets."

They did so; but, to their great mortification, found them only to contain a few halfpence, a silver thimble, and an ivory tablet, upon the first leaf of which was written—'Francis Melmot, 1792,' and some memorandums, evidently written so as not to be understood by any one but the writer. No satisfaction was to be derived from this, and they mutually turned a desponding look upon the corpse before them;——it was the remains of a lovely young woman, apparently not more than three and twenty. Her person was thin, and emaciated, but genteelly made; and her dress was plain and neat, but not at all adapted for travelling, though the state of her shoes denoted that she had walked far.

The child naturally became the next object of their attention. It was a pretty little boy, not more than two or three months old. His cloaths were good, but worn and discoloured; and over his left eye brow was a deep scar, the only particular mark about him. How to act they were entirely ignorant. Their income was scarcely sufficient to support their own family; but humanity forbade them to turn an innocent and helpless infant out to starve. After much consideration, Paul at length suggested an expedient, which was to go to Saltash, of which Mr. Bromley was rector, and acquaint him with the particulars, not doubting but that, as he was a pious, good man, he would give them the best advice. Accordingly Paul set out for the Parsonage, and, finding Mr. Bromley, related to him the whole adventure; asking his opinion.

"I know not, indeed, my honest friend," replied the Rector, in answer to Paul's solicitous enquiries, "what you can do. However, I will draw up an advertisement, stating the circumstances, which I will get inserted in the papers.—But first I will accompany you home, and make some further investigation into this mystery."

Paul being perfectly well satisfied with this determination, they both repaired to the cottage. Bridget had stripped the body, and laid it out decently in the best room, and now sat giving food to the foundling, while her own children gathered round, to admire and share the repast of the little stranger. The arrival of the Clergyman dispersed the timid group, who immediately retired to a respectful distance, while Paul put into Mr. Bromley's hands the memorials they had found on the deceased. The countenance of the Rector changed as he looked on the signature in the tablet, and he desired to see the defunct. Bridget removed the cloth which covered her face: in an instant he started, turned pale, and a tear trembled in his eye. He stooped nearer, and took a minute survey of every feature, murmuring, in a broken voice—

"Strange recollection! Yet it cannot be! No—no—'tis impossible! But the name———." Then turning to Paul and Bridget, who stood viewing him in mute surprise

he said—" My good friends, the figure before us reminds me so strongly of a dear and only relative, that I cannot suppress the emotions which remembrance excites. The circumstance has made a deep impression on my mind, and I am determined not to slight the monitor within me; whether my suspicions are just, or not, I am confirmed in the intentions I from the first moment adopted. This unhappy female shall be interred with all proper decorum in our parish church, the expence of which I will myself be answerable for, as also for the maintenance of the child, which I hope you will favour me by taking charge of, as you know I have no family of my own, neither am I likely to have any; so that I can very well spare a little out of my annual income, as my own wants are but few."

Paul assured him, and with sincerity, that both himself and wife were heartily willing to keep the child, in their poor way, as long as it lived, without desiring any emolument; which he considered as rendering an act of charity mankind should always be ready to shew to each other in time of necessity; a duty, of which Mr. Bromley himself so strongly and constantly reminded them from the pulpit, and by the practice of his own life enforced.

Fearing lest, by some accident or chance, the child should have been deprived of baptism, Mr. Bromley judged it necessary to perform the sacred ceremony himself, and to give the infant his own surname with that of Melmot. This done, he ordered every thing necessary for the funeral, and in the course of a week the remains of the unfortunate wanderer were interred in the burial ground of the parish church with pious solemnity.

About three days after the burial, a stranger demanded an audience of Mr. Bromley: he was admitted, and, in the broad Cornish dialect, said he came in consequence of an advertisement that had been seen by one of his customers in the newspaper; for the good man himself, although he kept the Black Lion, could not read. He then proceeded thus with his information:

" And zo, reverend Zur, you must know az how a young woman, zuch az was tould of in yore papur, came to my

houz about a fortneight agone. Zhe had a young child in her arms, and zeemed to be much troubled in her mind, for zhe did nothing but write bits and scraps of papur, and burn 'em again; and, all I could do, I could make her take nothing but a glass of zyder and a bun, for zhe zeemed main tired, but zaid zhe could not zleep un zhe went to bed; zo, God forgive me, for I feared zhe was going to do zummut amiss with the child; zo, bezure, I was not zorry when zhe went away; but before zhe went zhe gave this letter to my wife, and dezired her to zend it to the post; but, zure enough, mistress forgot it, and here it is: zo if it be of any zarvice to you, you be right welcome to un; for wife zhe be not larned enough to understand zuch foine writing."

Mr. Bromley took the letter with eagerness, and, giving the man something for his trouble, dismissed him, not wishing to expose his feelings before the ignorant inn-keeper. He was no sooner out of sight than he hastily broke the seal—His emotions may be imagined on reading the following:

"*To the Hon. Augustus Montague, Bath.*

"READ! read! cruel Montague! It is the injured Fanny Bromley who now, probably for the last time, addresses you. 'Tis her, whom you once swore to protect with your life and fortune; whom you now leave the hapless victim of her credulity. How much I once loved, the implicit confidence I placed in your honour may evince. So much do I now detest the wretch, who can forget vows registered in Heaven, and plight his perjured faith at the altar to another! You are married! Well, well——never may my image rise to disturb your tranquility. All in my power shall be done to insure you peace in this world; every pledge of your attachment shall be destroyed, but one ——ah! the thought chills me——your child! But I will remove it far, far from your sight. I will seek my much-injured father; the dear, venerable man, that was abandoned by his unnatural daughter for a false, designing villain! Him will I seek, and prostrate on the earth implore that forgiveness—I have granted you!!

"Farewell, Augustus, farewell! I feel this last shock will be too much for me. Can I but reach my father's first, 'twill be enough. I have no money; your last supply is exhausted, and I will draw for no more; I have no longer a right to it—I would not wrong your wife! At Plymouth I sold your picture, which defrayed the expences of my journey hither, and now all is expended. No matter—I can walk; though they tell me 'tis bitter cold, I feel it not; I am burning with heat, and I fear to scorch my infant when I press my lips to his. Ah! Montague, when you receive this, I shall be cold enough! I have wandered a great way, and I am very tired. It is my opinion the people think me mad; for when I ask my road, they laugh, and stare at me so rudely, that I feel the tears scald my cheeks!———Oh! when shall I find rest!"

The first impulse Mr. Bromley felt upon the perusal of this, was to hasten to Bath, to which place the letter was directed, and seek the destroyer of his sister; but the recollection, that he might, perhaps, involve an innocent woman in the consequences of a useless revenge, restrained his just indignation; and he judged, that the best way to shew his love for the lost Fanny, would be by becoming himself a father to her child. He accordingly resealed the letter, and wrote in the envelope——

"THE unhappy object of your perfidy is, indeed, no more. Her child still lives, and, while you cease to make any enquiries after it, shall be well protected; but the moment you presume to interfere, you may expect the chastisement you deserve, from the injured

Saltash, Nov. 22. "HENRY BROMLEY."

This he sent off immediately, and receiving no answer, concluded that Montague was well pleased to get rid of the trouble; he therefore solely directed his attention to his nephew. The child throve well under the care of the faithful, honest Bridget, who protested that she loved little Bromley next to her own Tommy; a distinction the little urchin soon understood, and availed himself of to the full trial of her indulgence. By associating with his humble

companions, between whom and his nephew Mr. Bromley ordered that no sort of distinction should be made, he learned activity and industry; his sturdy limbs were strengthened by exercise, while homely food and pure air gave a freshness to his looks, that received additional beauty from the good humour and cheerfulness which always beamed in his countenance. According to a system of education most approved by himself, the Rector forbore to meddle with the intellectual faculties of his charge, and young Bromley attained his tenth year before he could read a column in the Primer. Nature, however, no longer able to bear restraint, was gradually assisting his progress; and Mr. Bromley, seizing the auspicious moment, no longer deferred those instructions which he was so well qualified to impart, and his pupil to receive. Bromley was therefore led by the hand to the parsonage, followed by his foster-brothers, the eldest of whom Mr. Bromley favoured with his patronage, and who now being a promising lad of eighteen, was of considerable service to the Rector upon many occasions.

The parsonage was a neat little brick building, pleasantly situated, with a garden laid out both useful and ornamental. It was erected near the ruins of an old monastery. In the garden Mr. Bromley had raised a little rural and romantic piece of architecture, which was called a summer-house, the interior being adapted for tea-drinking, music, or drawing, being in view of a beautiful picturesque landscape: round the bottom were seats, roughly hewn in what appeared to be solid rock, and rendered impervious to the sun by the thick boughs of woodbine that shaded the alcove, and almost obscured its entrance. The inside was not less commodious than its exterior was simple: an excellent library, a telescope, harpsicord, and a set of beautiful drawings, being the ornaments: added to which were the pictures of the late Rector and his daughter.

(To be continued in our next.)

O

Song.

CRAZY JANE.

Why fair maid in every feature
Are such signs of fear exprest;
Can a wandering, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast.
Do my phrenzied looks alarm thee,
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish,
Mark me and avoid my woe,
When men flatter, sigh and languish,
Think them false, I found them so;
For I lov'd, Oh! so sincerely,
None could ever love again;
But the Youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Doom'd to love but him alone;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
He was false and I undone;
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain,
Henry fled with him for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with phrenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where last we met;
Still I sing my love lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain,
Whilst each passer by in pity
Cries—God help thee Crazy Jane.

POETRY.

THE FARMER'S BOY.*

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Spring.

O COME, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou rushing warmth that hover'st round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse,
No *Alpine* wonders thunder through my verse,

* From the intrinsic merit of this Poem, and the celebrity which it has acquired, we presume it will not be unacceptable to our readers. It is the effusion of untaught genius; the author, Robert Bloomfield, was a journeyman Shoemaker in London, who produced it under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable to Poetic composition.—It is divided into four parts, describing the four Seasons—the remainder will appear in order in our subsequent numbers.

The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still;
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes,
Nor Science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!
And lead my soul to ecstacies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to Truth's fair form what Memory tells.
  Live trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong;
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckon'd as his cares or woes;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own,
Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever knew.
'Twas thus with GILES: meek, fatherless, and poor:
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd;
His life was constant, cheerful, servitude:
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, Nature was his book;
And, as revolving SEASONS chang'd the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Though every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.
  Where noble GRAFTON spreads his rich domains,
Round *Euston's* water'd vale, and sloping plains,
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies;
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And sculking foxes, destin'd for the chace;
There Giles, untaught and unrepining, stray'd
Thro' every copse, and grove, and winding glade;

There his first thought to Nature's charms inclin'd,
That stamps devotion on th' enquiring mind.
A little farm his generous Master till'd,
Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd;
By deeds of hospitality endear'd,
Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd;
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd,
And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,
And lowing kine that grazed beside the stream:
Unceasing industry he kept in view;
And never lack'd a job for Giles to do.

FLED now the sullen murmur's of the North,
The splendid raiment of the SPRING peeps forth;
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellow'd soil; imbibing fairer hues
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews;
That summon from its shed the slumb'ring ploughs,
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.
No wheels support the diving pointed share;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labour there;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road;
(Alike unknown the plough-boy and the goad;)
But, unassisted through each toilesome day,
With smiling brow the plowman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and wid'ning still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill:
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet th' unwelcome day;
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown:
Again distur b'd, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides;

His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt usurp the empire of his shoes.
Welcome green headland! firm beneath his feet;
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
There shelt'ring canopy of pendent boughs;
Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigour swell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould; a level surface clear,
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year;
And o'er the whole Giles once transverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done; no more to man is given;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the ground;
In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun;
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gather'd round his door,
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the Rook and Crow;
From field to field the flock increasing goes;
To level crops most formidable foes;
Their dangér well the weary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough;
Yet oft the sculking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
At best will but a short-lived terror yield:
Nor guards of property; (not penal law,
But harmless rifleman of rags and straw);
Familiariz'd to these, they boldly rove,
Nor heed such centinels that never move.

Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,
In dying posture, and with wings stretch'd forth;
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,
And death shall terrify the pilfering race;
In the mid air, while circling round and round,
They call their lifeless comrades from the ground;
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,
Warn the whole flock to shun the' impending harm:
This task had *Giles*, in fields remote from home:
Oft has he wish'd the rosy morn to come.
Yet never fam'd was he nor foremost found
To break the seal of sleep; his sleep was sound:
But when at day-break summon'd from his bed,
Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head,
His sandy way deep-worn by hasty showers,
O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,
Waving aloft their tow'ring branches proud,
In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud,
(Whence inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd)
His own shrill matin join'd the various notes
Of Nature's music, from a thousand throats:
The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And echo answer'd from her close retreat;
The sporting white-throat on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn;
Stopt in her song perchance the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
Across his path, in either grove to hide,
The timid rabbit scouted by his side;
Or bold cock-pheasant stalk'd along the road,
Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.
But groves no farther fenc'd the devious way;
A wide extended heath before him lay,

Where on the grass the stagnant shower had run,
And shone a mirror to the rising sun,
(Thus doubly seen) lighting a distant wood,
Giving new life to each expanding bud;
Effacing quick the dewy foot-marks found,
Where prowling Reynard trod his nightly round;
To shun whose thefts 'twas Giles's evening care,
His feather'd victims to suspend in air,
High on the bough that nodded o'er his head,
And thus each morn to strew the field with dead.
His simple errand done, he homeward hies;
Another instantly its place supplies.
The clatt'ring dairy-maid immers'd in steam,
Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
Bawls out, "*Go fetch the cows:...*" he hears no more;
For pigs, and ducks, and turkies, throng the door,
And sitting hens, for constant war prepar'd;
A concert strange to that which late he heard.
Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes;
With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows:
Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summon with an idle gaze;
For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wint'ry store,
Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow;
The right of conquest all the law they know:
Subordinate they one by one succeed;
And one among them always takes the lead,
Is ever foremost, wheresoe'er they stray;
Allow'd precedence, undisputed sway;
With jealous pride her station is maintain'd,
For many a broil that post of honour gain'd.
At home the yard affords a grateful scene;
For Spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.
Thence from its chalky bed behold convey'd
The rich manure that drenching winter made,

Which pil'd near home, grows green with many a weed,
A promis'd nutriment for Autumn's seed.
Forth comes the Maid, and like the morning smiles;
The mistress too, and follow'd close by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet,
Where shadowing elm's obstruct the morning ray,
Begins their work, begins the simple lay;
The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
While *Mary* sings some lover's amorous dreams;
And Crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.
As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid;
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
And bears a brimer to the dairy door;
Her cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recall them loaded home.
And now the DAIRY claims her choicest care,
And half her household find employment there:
Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
At once foregoes its quality and name;
From knotty particles first floating wide
Congealing butter's dash'd from side to side;
Streams of new milk thro' flowing coolers stray,
And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome whey.
Due north th' unglazed windows, cold and clear,
For warming sunbeams are unwelcome here.
Brisk goes the work beneath each busy hand,
And *Giles* must trudge, whoever gives command;
A *Gibeonite*, that serves them all by turns;
He drains the pump, from him the faggot burns;

From him the noisy hogs demand their food;
While at his heels run many a chirping brood,
Or down his path in expectation stand,
With equal claims upon his strewing hand.
Thus wastes the morn, till each with pleasure sees
The bustle o'er, and press'd the new made cheese.
Unrivall'd stands thy country CHEESE, *O Giles!*
Whose very name alone engenders smiles;
Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,
The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,
That pass like current coin the nation through;
And, ah! experience proves the satire true.
Provision's grave, thou ever craving mart,
Dependent, huge Metropolis! where Art
Her pouring thousands stows in breathless rooms,
Midst pois'nous smokes and streams, and rattling looms;
Where Grandeur revels in unbounded stores;
Restraint a slighted stranger at their doors!
Thou, like a whirlpool, drain'st the countries round,
Till London market, London price, resound
Through every town, round every passing load,
And dairy produce throngs the eastern road:
Delicious veal, and butter, every hour,
From Essex lowlands, and the banks of Stour;
And further far, where numerous herds repose,
From Orwell's brink, from Waveny, or Ouse,
Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream,
And leave their milk with nothing but its name;
Its name derision and reproach pursue,
And strangers tell of "three times skimm'd sky blue."
To cheese converted, what can be its boast?
What, but the common virtues of a post!
If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,
Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,
And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,
Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade;

Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,
Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.
Inglorious victory! Ye Cheshire meads,
Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where plenty treads,
Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,
Farewell your pride! farewell renowned cheese!
The skimmer dread, whose ravages alone
Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone.

NEGLECTED now the early *daisy* lies:
Nor thou, pale *primrose*, bloom'st the only prize:
Advancing SPRING profusely spreads abroad
Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd;
Where'er she treads, LOVE gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
Sweet *Hope* with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies;
All nature feels her renovating sway;
The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;
And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
Display the new-grown branch of lighter green;
On airy downs the shepherd idly lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles a SHEPHERD too.

Small was his charge: no wilds had they to roam;
But bright enclosures circling round their home.
Nor yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
Indulg'd through every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present good;

Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And Starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first assays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face!
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;

There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murd'ring BUTCHER with his cart
Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
And makes a sport of life and liberty!
His gay companions *Giles* beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
Nor can Compassion, with her softest notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges through their throats.
Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!
Away the shocking image from my soul!
Let kindlier visitants attend my way,
Beneath approaching *Summer's* fervid ray;
Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is *universal joy*.

Stanzas to a Friend in Distress.

WHY droops, my friend, thy guiltless head?
Why are those tears of anguish shed?
Tho' Heav'n has stripp'd thee of thy wealth,
Its bounty leaves thee rosy health:
Then let my soothing voice thy cares dispel;
Resume thy hopes, and all shall yet be well.

Ah! me! I should respect those tears,
Expressive of a father's fears!
The tender partner of thy cares;
She, too, the bitter portion shares.
'Tis this, alas! that points Misfortune's dart;
Tis this that wounds thy brave, but feeling heart.

But, to my humble roof repair;
A friend sincere expects thee there;
And joyful transports he will feel,
If thou wilt grace his frugal meal:
There on my faithful breast thy head recline,
My comforts share---thy sorrows shall be mine.

Thy drooping wife shall soon revive,
Thy Children 'neath my roof shall thrive;
With anxious fondness I will tend
Those Children, with my much-lov'd friend:
So, whilst the little prattlers we caress,
Their lisping accents both our names shall bless.

THE RAINY DAY.

WHEN clouds the eastern sky obscure,
And veil the radiant lamp of light;
When fast descends the humid show'r,
And fills the landscape with affright.

Suffus'd the verdant carpet lies,
Each flow'r reclines its weeping head;
The woods and groves, in broken sighs,
A dirge-like cadence widely spread.

The flocks in silent grief deplore
The mournful aspect of the plains;
The feather'd choir is heard no more
To spread around their rapt'rous strains.

Ah! then, supremely blest are they,
Whose even minds in calmness wait,
Till the drear gloom shall pass away,
And nature wear her former state.

Ledyard's Praise of Women.

THRO' many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've held my way;
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind!—

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;

The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone!

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd, in benevolence of Nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild;
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, and savage wild!

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave:
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!—
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sult'ry India to the Pole.

AN ANALOGY.

BY DR. WM. PREFECT.

DID the tear of soft joy, like the drop from a rose
Shine pensive on Emily's cheek,
When Corydon early forsook his repose
The maid of his bosom to seek?

In an eglantine shade, at the foot of a hill
Where shrubs in profusion expand,
The bosom of Æther with odours to fill,
The fair one accepted his hand.

Affection so mutual resembled the Spring
When investing with verdure the soil;
Refreshing as dew, whose descension can bring
From each plant a Promethean smile!

Foreign News.

Berlin, Nov. 23.

The Emperor of Russia has sent an official note to all foreign ministers at Petersburgh, of which the following is the substance :—" That on mounting the throne, he found his states involved in a war provoked by a great nation, which had fallen into desolation ; that conceiving the Coalition a mere measure of preservation, this motive induced him to join it ; that he did not at that time think it necessary to adopt the system of an armed neutrality on sea, for the protection of commerce, not doubting but that the sincerity of his allies, and their reciprocal interests, would be sufficient to secure the flag of the Northern Powers from insult. But that being disappointed in his expectations by the perfidious enterprizes of a great power which had sought to enchain the liberty of the seas by capturing Danish convoys, the independence of the maritime powers of the north appeared to him to be openly menaced. He consequently considers it a measure of necessity to have recourse to an armed neutrality, the success of which was acknowledged in the time of the American war.

Hanau, Nov. 25.

Yesterday the war recommenced, and the first blood flowed that has been shed in the vicinity of the Maine, since the month of July. About three in the afternoon a Mentzer staff officer with a trumpet, passed the bridge of Aschaffenburg, and had a conversation with a Dutch officer relative to prolonging the armistice to the 28th. As this conversation proved ineffectual, a second took place at 5 o'clock, between the Dutch commandant and the same officer, who was soon followed by a company of light infantry, a squadron of hussars, and Albini's corps of chasseurs, with two pieces of cannon. These troops advanced towards the gate of the bridge. The conference lasted a longer time than the first, and scarcely had the enemy's officer returned, when captain Shrœder of the Mentz troops, advanced along the bridge with some hussars, and 40 volunteers of Albini's corps.

The corps of Dutch chasseurs, stationed at the extremity of the bridge, fell back and shut the iron gate, which is close to the pallisades. But it was burst open by the Mentzers, and a number of the volunteers darted across the bridge. The Dutch piquet consisting of about 50 men, were taken prisoners, after some slight resistance. The whole of Albini's corps of chasseurs then followed the hussars, and the other troops, among whom were the chasseurs of Spessart. There remained in the city the artillery only, and two companies of grenadiers. The other corps advanced as far as Schœnebusch, Nilkheim, and Leudern, where several skirmishes were fought, which lasted till eight in the evening, after which the Mentzers retreated to the city with about 80 prisoners. The colonel of the Dutch hussars was wounded.

The night passed in tranquility; but on the following morning it appeared that the Dutch had received considerable reinforcements. At half past 6 a flag of truce was sent to Stockstadt, to propose to Gen. Angereau to evacuate the place, and to restore the prisoners, on condition of his granting a truce, during which the Mentz troops might have permission to retire. Immediately after the return of the flag of truce the Mentzers withdrew all their piquets; and evacuated Aschaffenburg. They took the rout of Spessart, and were soon followed by the regiment of Batavian hussars, a regiment of French, and one of Batavian chasseurs, besides a French demi-brigade. This corps consisting of about 3500 men, was commanded by Gen. Angereau in person; they encamped on the heights in front of the city, without making any attempt to pursue the Mentz troops. On the 26th the head-quarters were moved forward, and two new regiments of Batavian cavalry passed through the city on the same day.

Anzing, Dec. 3.

A severe action has taken place between the French and Austrians, at and near Hohenlinden in which the French General Moreau says, "We have taken about 80 pieces of cannon, 200 ammunition waggons, 10,000 prisoners, including a great number of officers; among whom are three generals. The pursuit lasted till night. I estimate our loss at 1000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners; that of the enemy is incalculable. All have performed their duty, and merit the highest and sincerest praise."

December 7.—In the Austrian Gazettes published on the frontiers of Italy, is inserted the following article: "A body of 20,000 men, all of the Imperial troops, is now assembled in the March of Ancona. It is destined to cover the Roman Territory, and to defend the kingdom of Naples, in conjunction with a body of 14,000 English, commanded by General Abercromby, and 10,000 Neapolitans under the orders of General Dumas, a French emigrant. On the other side, the Russian troops, in the pay of the King of the Two Sicilies, together with 15 or 20,000 Neapolitan troops, will form a camp under the walls of Capua. As to the main body of the Army of Italy, consisting of 70 or 80 thousand men, it is stationed between Verona and Mantua."

Hamburgh, Dec. 12.

The Caltaini who are at the head of the small Italian Republic of St. Marino have written to citizen Monge, and earnestly entreated him to intercede for their Republic with the first Consul, in order that they might be included in the future treaty of Peace, else, say the Regents, our neighbours will annihilate our Republic. Three years ago Buonaparte shewed himself favorably disposed towards them, and even offered to enlarge their little territory, which they declined.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board the United States schooner Enterprize, to his friend in Providence, dated St. Kitts, January 2d, 1801.

"On the 6th of December, St. Bartholomews bearing west, distance one league, we fell in with a French privateer lugger of 12 guns and 150 men, which we engaged for 4 glasses within pistol shot. It being dark and close in with the rocks off the east end of St. Bartholomews, we had to bear off, and leave her, by not being acquainted with that Island. She arrived the next day at St. Martin's, with 20 of her men killed and 30 wounded; and lost her mizen mast, bow-sprit and topmast. We were very fortunate, we lost no men and only one wounded. On the 24th of December, we captured and brought into St. Kitts, the fast sailing schooner privateer L'Armour De Patrie, of 6 guns and 90 men. We are just weighing anchor for a cruize of 20 days, then we shall proceed for the United States as soon as possible."

The Frigate President, Commodore Truxton, arrived at St. Kitts the 1st January, from a cruize; crew in perfect health.

In nine towns of Spain, viz. Cadiz, Isle de Leon, Port Royal, Chulana, Port St. Maria, St. Lucar, Rota, Xeres and Seville, the number of victims to the plague, from the 12th of August to the first of November last, amounted to 79,000.

American Intelligence.

New London, January 28.—Mr. Pierpoint Bacon, who lately died at Colchester, has left the whole of his property, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, to the first society of that town, for the support of that school. By the terms of the will, no part of this fund can be appropriated to the erecting or preparing of any building.

There are now living in the town of New-Milford (Con.) two persons who have seen THREE CENTURIES, being born in the 17th, lived thro' the 18th, and now see the 19th. One is Mr Nodine, born at New Rochel, State of New-York, of the French protestants who settled there. The other is Mrs. Heames who emigrated thither from the state of Rhode Island. The husband of her youth died there seven years ago, aged 94 or 95. The living of the above persons has been always coarse and simple, and for many years they have been town's poor. They are now able to walk with considerable firmness and the powers of their minds are not wholly abated.

Extract of a Letter from New-Brunswick, (N. J.) Feb. 7.

"Two circumstances have lately occurred near this place, which in my opinion, ought to be noticed. A few days since, a Mrs. Walker, who lived at Piscataway, two miles from this place, was coming here with 40 dollars in her pocket to send to her son, who lives in New-York—On her way, in order to avoid a piece of bad road, she crossed a wood, where a mulatto free-man was chopping. On Mrs. Walker's being missed, search was made—She was found murdered near the spot where this fellow

was at work. He has since been taken up, and is now in our jail. He confesses to have seen Mrs. Walker pass by him in the wood, but denies having any knowledge of her death. It is conjectured Mrs. W. communicated to this man the nature of her visit to this place, which induced him to this murder, in order to get the forty dollars.

"The other circumstance is—A few days since, the barn of Mr. Van Buskirk, at the New Bridge, near Hackinsack, was consumed by fire. The following are the particulars. —The husband of Mr. Van Buskirk's black woman, who lives at some distance, on a visit to his wife, quarrelled with her, and on Mr. Van Buskirk's interfering, swore he would be revenged; if no other way, it should be by burning his house and barn. The following night the barn, with horses, &c. was actually burnt—and a sheaf of straw with a brand of fire in it, was found placed against the dwelling-house, but it fortunately went out without communicating to the house. This fellow is also in jail."

A very singular and sorrowful accident, we are informed, occurred in Ashford last week.—Some young chidren, being at play in a house, one of them, to hide from the rest, got into an empty barrel which happened to be handy. It seems the father of the child had just placed the barrel in that situation, in order to scald it, and had on the fire a kettle of boiling water for the purpose; and while the child lay in its concealment, listening to the foot steps of its playmates, unsuspicious of any greater danger than being discovered by them, the father, unconscious of any fatal mischief poured the whole boiling contents of the kettle on his child! We will not attempt to describe the agonies of the parent on this occasion—they were great undoubtedly, and the feeling heart needs no assistance from description. It is sufficient to say, the child did not survive the accident but a few moments.

New-Haven, Feb. 12. A letter from Norwich, dated Feb. 9, 1801, says—"A shocking fire broke out in this city, last evening about 9 o'clock, in Joseph and Charles' Huntington's store, which was destroyed—also the Meeting-house, and the house formerly owned by Mr. Woodbridge. Mr. Brown's store was torn down in order to preserve his dwelling-house—It is supposed the fire was purposely communicated."

Domestic Occurrences.

A few days since, a promising Child, three years of age, son of Capt. Dickinson of this city, being left at home by its parents in the evening, his clothes accidentally caught fire (supposed by a candle) and burnt him in a shocking manner —although medical assistance was immediately obtained, he expired in 24 hours after.

Feb. 11th.—About 4 o'clock this morning a Fire broke out in the house occupied by Joseph Strong, Esq. in John, near Cliff-Street, which was consumed; the adjoining building, occupied by Mr. Cairns as a Grocery Store, was almost entirely demolished, and considerable damage done to the bakehouse of Mr. Gallalee, in Cliff-Street, before its progress was arrested.—The flames originated in the lower part of the house, and so furious was it in extending its ravages after the first discovery, that the lives of the occupants were threatened with imminent danger; a lady in the second story, had the courage and presence of mind, being her only resource, to leap from thence into the arms of the firemen, which she effected without injury. We are happy to learn that no lives were lost.

The brig Hero, which lately sunk below the Narrows on her passage to Jamaica, with live-stock, has been got up, the expence of raising her, it is said, will be 1200 dollars.

Marriages.

February 1st.—Mr. John Losky, to Mrs. Mary Campbell.

Mr. S. Osborn, to Miss Sarah Betts.

Capt. Wm. Vanpelt, of Mount Pleasant, N. J. to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of the same place.

2d.——By the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, to Miss Theodosia Burr, only child of Aaron Burr, Esq.

3d.——John Brower, Esq. to Miss Deborah Myers.

5th.——Mr. Peter Morrison, to Miss Mary Graham.

At Newark, Mr. Daniel Brown, to Miss Abigail Congar.

8th.——Mr. Abraham Day, to Miss Catharine Blanck.

9th.——Mr. Henry Cropsey, to Mrs. Mary Jenkins.

12th.——John Johnston, Esq. to Miss Fleming.

14th——Mr. John Edgerly, to Mrs. Elizabeth Mc. Arthur.

19th——Mr. William Pigot, to Miss Mary Woodward.

Mr. Cornelius Hoffman, to Miss Margaret Mc. Carter.

22d.——Mr. Peter Underhill, of this city, to Miss Hannah Smith, of Great-Neck, (L. I.)

25th.——Mr John Brodie, to Mrs. Sarah Hopkins.

Deaths.

February 2d.— At Philadelphia, Mr. James Carey, printer.

5th.——At New-Haven, David Austin, sen. Esq.

At Westchester, Mrs. Catharine Bayard.

6th.——Mrs. Stockton, Relict of Richard Stockton, Esq.

12th.——Dr. Abraham Fleischman, sen.

16th.——Miss Margaretta H. Tinney, aged 15.

19th.——Mrs. Margaretta Howel.

20th.——Mr. Colin Mc. Gregor.

21st.——Mr. John Arden.

27th.——Mrs. Wilkes, wife of John Wilkes, Esq.

At Fairfield, C. Thaddeus Burr, Esq.

At Newark, Peter I. Van Burgle, Esq.

At Lancaster, Mr. Jacob Lahn.

At Germantown, Mr. William Forbes.

FEBRUARY 28.

The scarcity of provisions throughout England still continue and increase.

Moreau is the present child of fortune in the theatre of war—who it is said, since the battle of Hohenlinden, has penetrated as far as Lintz, the capital of Upper Austria, and distant only 100 miles from Vienna.

Buonaparte, it seems, has had another narrow escape from a plot to take his life, as he was going to the Opera, on the evening of the 24th Dec.

No Action of moment has taken place in the Tyrol or in Italy, though the contending armies are in motion.

A letter from an officer in Col. Wellesley's Camp, (E. Indies) informs of a decided victory obtained by the English over their enemy Doondiah, who was himself killed in the battle.

Philadelphia, Feb. 27.—Yesterday was a proud day for Philadelphia. A fine southerly breeze wafted into port, a greater number of vessels than have perhaps entered it, at one time, for several months past. Among the number, we with pleasure beheld the ships Cleopatra, Perseverance, Grace, and Surprise, from Calcutta, and the brig Syren from Canton, all with valuable cargoes. The three first left Calcutta on the 28th October, and the Sands Heads on the 1st November, in company with the sloops Herald of Boston, and Spynx of Baltimore; but parted with them five days after leaving the Sands Heads. The Surprize left Calcutta several days before the others.

Besides military operations, political events of magnitude are also transpiring, on the theatre of Europe. An armed neutrality has been definitively adopted by the four northern powers.